A Dialogue betw
Life and Death.

Very requisite for the Conte
plation of all Transitory Pilgrim

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1657

BRITISH MUSEUM

To the Worſhipfull, truely affec
and no leſſe meritorious, Mr *James*
Senior Eſquire: the Author wiſheth
Grace, Mercy, and *Peace.*

SIR,

THe manifold courteſies received at yo
hands, deſerveth a far more gratifi
on than my ability, either the one wa
the other is able to give you: yet to
oblivions of all, were treble ingratitu
And therefore to ſhunne ſo abſurd an error, I ſ
in my dutifull affection, (laying aſide Comm
Thaleia) *preſented to your Worſhips view,* D
Conquering, *that muſt be* Conquered. *Although t*
ſubject is not correſpondent to feſtivall times, yet it
thought upon at all times: and ſo in concluſion
time omitted. But to make my Wings bigger then
Neaſt, were rediculous. And therefore in the be
affection, I reſt.

Your obliged,

Richard Wace.

A LOGVE BETWEENE LIFE AND DEATA.

The Speakers for life are *Wisedome, Beauty, Wealth, Youth,* and *Age.*

Death beginnes, and proclaimes his authority from whom he is sent.

From th' Imperiall Throne of your Creator
With this my large Commission I am sent,

My

My name is *Death*, which most so much abhor,
And would through (frailty this my sting prevent
But my Embassage no one may withstand,
Being seald in *Eden* by th' Almighties hand.

This sandy glasse, which in my hand I beare,
Doth measure out the time of mortall man:
Which being run, with this my darting speare,
I bring him to the grave, both pale and wan:
Nor King nor Keysar, nor the servile slave,
That can be priviledged from the grave.

No golden bribes, though leane I am in show,
Shall cause me at fond worldlings once connive,
Nor pleading Orator (whose wisdom flow
Like to bright *Pallas* (shall his date survive:
Wher's brave *Hector*, *Pompey* *Alexander*;
Why gone by me that am the worlds commander.

Ther's not a day doth passe, but I doe bring
A full fild catologue of the deads name,
Vnto your dreadfull Lord and heavenly King,
Some to their consolations, some theire shame:
Where, in a book of brasse, the totall summe,
Are all recorded, till the judgment come.

The utmost Region of the earth I tread,
To find the (*christian Pagan*, faire and foule:
Millions of millions living I leave dead
Some with a blessed, some a curfed soule;
I cannot give omittance for an houre
Having my charge from the eternall powre.

A Dialogue between

Death's thy Advantage.

Death ſpeakes to Youth.

THou that art youthfull and art newly come,
To ſpeake the prologue of a greater ſumme:
Yet ere thy ſpeech be ended, death doth ſpy,
The period of thy ſand; *and thou muſt dye.*

Youth pleads for it selfe.

BVt I am young, and in the prime of dayes,
Then, were it not ingratitude in thee
To nip the garland of my new grown Bayes,
Before it come to full maturity?
I am but threescore yeares and ten, nay more
I may survive, ere nature gives me o're.

Had we not example late in father *Parre*,
That liv'd a hundred, forty, and twelve yeares;
Although times glasse to few doe run so farre,
Yet men of foure-scores gate there oft appeares;
Then were it not mere cruelty in death,
For to bereave my youthfull dayes of breath.

Ah! let me live, that I the world may know,
And reape the joyes my aged Sire hath sowne;
Let death to some sicke pined person goe,
Whose heavy yoak doth make his heart to groan;
Vpon my youth feed not thy malice fell,
Till I have drunke at *Aristotles* well.

Death answers youth.

ALas poore youth! hast thou not often seene
The silly Lamkin to the market come

ore his damme; true,' tis thy dayes are green,
nd now but entring to a greater ſumme:
ut as the daies, & hours, and months, and years
ome on vpon thee, ſo come on thy cares.

Nor to abridge thy youthfull dayes of life
s malice ſhowne; but now to cut thee downe,
s the road way to ſet thee free from ſtrife,
And adde unto thy ſoule a laſting Crowne:
I ſhall acquit thee from a world of ſins,
Which longer dayes (in loſing) greatly wins.

And ah! wert thou but capable to know,
The intricate deſignes of mortall man;
Now he is in the gulfe of griefe and woe,
Dog'd at the heeles with ſad deſpaire, and than
Perhaps rais'd high on proud ambitions wing,
Whi!ſt he forgets his God & heavenly king.

Nor may I dally with thy tender dayes,
I muſt diſpatch my errand being ſent,
Then feare not filly youth, I bring the joyes,
And free thee from all earthly diſcontent.
See, ſee, thy glaſſe is run, take here this ſheet,
And lay thee down at Deaths triumphant feet.

O happy Change.

EVen ſuch is man, that lives by breath,
Each moment changing unto death.

Ariſe

Death speakes to Wisedome.

THou that hast wisedome, and apprehend
As much as to poore mortall man doth tend;
And rightly canst discerne earth, sea, and sky;
Yet man for all this wisedom's *borne to dye.*

Wisedome

Wiſedome pleades for it ſelfe.

CAnnot my large Apologies acquit
My body from thy rage and cruell ſtroake?
Cannot my pregnant and ingenious wit
Study a new found way to ſlip thy yoake?
Cannot the muſes and deepe Arts divine
Prevent the cruell blow Death doth aſſigne?

Nor yet the knowledge of my mothers breaſt,
(*Oxford* and *Cambridge*) not one way deviſe
For to eſcape thee; or ſhould I requeſt
With teares of purple blood from weeping eyes?
Or with orations fram'd from Art moſt high,
Enough to pierce the ten fold Orbes and sky.

Death anſwers Wiſedome.

HAd *Jove* begot thee in *Minerva's* armes,
And hadſt more learning than e're mortal yet,
Or wert thou drencht whereas the Muſes ſwarms,
With holy raptures; yea, and round beſet
With Angels for thee: yet know that I am
Inexorable to them, or man.

Wher's *Solomon*, that wiſe beloved King?
Prophets, and Prediviners, where are they?
Did not this impartiall hand ſoone bring
Their bodies to be lodg'd in beds of clay?
And ſo muſt thine: for loe, thy glaſſe is run,
No wiſedome can preſerve thee, Death being come.

What

What not dye, thou piece of proud earth.

Death speakes to Beauty.

THou that hast beauty, Princely harts to move,
Enough to make cold death in fiery love;
Yet know faire dame, the beauty of thine eye
Must be eclipsed, being *borne to dye.*

Wealth pleadeth for its selfe.

CAnnot my bags of gold with Death prevaile?
Though I bring millions to escape thy stroake
So to be priviledged from the gaile,
And not be subject to thy painefull yoake;
Ile give thee all my revenewes beside,
So I in *Golgotha* may not be spide.

Take Crowne and Scepter on the same condition
Iewels and accoutrements take them all,
So that my name from out thy strict commission
Be wholly cancell'd that I never fall:
Thy lookes are terrible, hidious, and thin,
That makes me tremble at my former sinne.

Death answers to wealth.

WEre all the Mines that in the earth doth lie,
Digg'd and converted to usefull coine;
Iewels and treasure that your Ma chants buy
In land ajacent, or beyond the line:
Yet all were far too little to suffise,
For why? mans life cannot be bought with price.

Dives was rich, *Pirrus* a Crown did weare,
Crœsus had millians, yet one touch of mine,
Did cause them tremble with inward feare,
When wealth, and Life at once they must resigne.
Go, change the bags of gold for one poore sheet,
And lay thee downe at Deaths triumphant feet.

Onely a grace remaineth for thee.

Death speakes to old Age.

THou that a hundred winters hast ore-gone,
Living to see thy daughters daughters son;
(And many imperfections make thee cry;)
Yet 'tis infallible, all flesh must dye.

Age pleads for it selfe.

FVll fourescore yeares of age I am at least,
And yet the frailty of my flesh desire
Those fourscore yeares may farther be encreast;
But then considering how my senses tire,
I wish for Death, for why? I feele
Full many griefs, even from my crown to heele.

"Bald is my head where once my haire took place
"Dotage possesseth the better part of sence;
"Furrows and wrincles grow within my face,
"My dried gums stand for my teeths defence,
"The port-holes of mine eares are stopt up quite
"A cloudy dimnesse hath o'revaild my sight.

"My feete and ancles weake and feeble are
"That hardly can my upper part support:
"My legs & thighes and armes that brawny were
"Now lanke, and thin, and leane appeareth for't,
"My inward parts doth feelingly consume,
"Through Tisick, Cough, continuall coldnes Rhume.

"My forme growes crooked, stooping to the (ground,
"Stinking my breath, my joynts they tremble all,

A teasty Coler in me doth abound?
Yea my whold *Microcosme* begins to fall;
And yet me thinks (through feare) that I could crave
One yeare or two forbearance from the grave.

Death answers old Age.

WOnder of wonders, that thy frame of clay,
Thy stinking carkasse, and a trunk decay'd
Should have desire to one poore future day;
O! rather wish my stroke be not delaid;
Thy strength it is impair'd through griefe and paine,
As borne a child, become a child again.

Thy glasse is run, and nature gives thee o're,
Earth must to earth, untill the trump shall sound,
See thy Sands period not one minute more
Thou must survive; there is thy deadly wound.
Youth, Wisdom, Beauty, Strngth, Wealth, nor old Age,
That can the fury of sterne Death asswage.

Doo

Hast thou forgot who suffer'd on the Crosse,
That all beleevers should to heaven ascend?
And at thy downefall shall loud voyces sing,
Death where's thy Conquest, Hell where's thy sting?

When thou shalt swallowed be to th'bottomless
Of black *Gehema*, and the gulfe of woe:
Then shall the voyce of *comfort, joy*, and *blisse*
Be to the blessed: Come, and with me goe
Into my Fathers Kingdome, and receive
What neither *Death* nor *Time* shall from you (reave.

Deaths Acclamation.

WHo can assist me with a flood of teares?
I may gush out whole rivers frō mine eyes!
And sighes by millions, at the voyce I heares!
That I must be excluded heavenly joyes!
All mortalls living, whilst you yet have breath
Live well, to *dye*, and *dye*, to *live* through *Death*.

Deaths Memorandum *to the middle aged.*

When I looke in the glaſs, and note my haires.
I ſee ſome gray, and other ſome impaires:
But looking farther on records I finde
My date almoſt ſumm'd up, for man aſſign'd:
Which rightly noting, then I ſtraight begins
To number if I could my world of ſins.
But find them numberleſs: it's not time then
To ſhake off drowſineſs, and catch my pen?
'Tis time for me, and all the world beſide,
Oyle in our Lamps with ſpeed that we provide,
Leſt that the Bride-groom come, we not prepared,
And ſo through Satans Wiles become enſnared;
Yet thinke, that in uncertainties tis ſure,
All fleſh muſt dye, but when, none knowes the houre.

Mans Meditation.

TO Meditate of Death, and of our end,
Cannot but make us tremble to offend:
Becauſe as Death leaves us, and faſt binds us,
Judgement as infallible will find us.

Another.

PHyſitians know (or elſe ſhould know at leaſt)
How mans health is impaired and how increaſt:
And oft mens life prolongs through skill and Art,
But yet no Phyſick can withſtand Deaths Dart.

SIth that the life of wretched mortall man
Is but in length much like a ſpan;
What curious care then ſhould we have in this?
To ſpend one haires breadth of that ſpan amiſſe.

A Hymne of Prayses, to the most blessed and glorious Trinity.

1.

SIng to the Lord all honour laud, and praise,
that did us raise
From earth whereon we tread,
and being dead,
These corps of earth, shall in the earth be led.

2.

Vntill the trumpe shall summon us to joyes,
or sad annoyes:
Then now's the fittest time
for to refine
This drosse earth, and make it all divine.

3.

Sing to the Lord all honour, praise, and laud,
and him appland;
Sith we through *Adams* fall
were wretched all;
And yet through Christ his mercies did recall.

4.

And now through faith, to good workes joyned
shall live with thee,
Where

Where Saints and Angells dwell,
if we repell
Scans allurement, and the snares of hell.

5.

Sing to our Saviour Christ land, praise & honour,
under whose banner
Let us continuall fight,
as firme and right, (quite.
Till World, the Flesh, and Devill be vanquisht

6.

And to the Holy Ghost like praises sing,
that doth us bring,
Preserving sanctity,
Love and Amity,
Thoughts pure, and chast; abhorring vanity.

7.

To Father, Sonne, and Holy Ghost as right,
by day and night,
Let us give praises due,
and still pursue
The path that leads to blisse; bid sinne adiew.

8.

Let us lay hold upon the present time,
Death comes in time:
This life ended, all flesh must
Catch time, it passeth by, and use it just.

A Dialogue between

Allegoricall Poem.

BEhold the towring tree, that whilome ſtood
In ſtrength & beauty bravely midſt the wood;
Whoſe far ſtretcht limbs wat ſhelter for the beaſts,
And likewiſe for the birds to build their neſt.

Is now hewen down, becauſe he brought foth
Such fruits as tend to goodneſs and to worth:
So caſt into the fire, and there to be
Burn'd, and confumed for an ill-fruited tree.

The

Divers Exhortations to cause all men to remember their ends: taken out of the holy Scripture.

In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat thy bread, till thou returne unto the ground: for out of it wast thou taken: for dust thou art, and to dust shalt thou returne. Gen. 2. 19.

Deaths first speech to Nature.

OLd Adam was condemn'd, and all his race,
To eate their bread in the sweat of their face
And Scripture saith, that from the dust he came
And back to dust he must returne againe:
So this hard doome on Adams sons doth lye
First they must labour here, then after dye.

Natures reply.

Tis true, this doome to Adams Sons is given,
To labour here on earth, and rest in heaven.

We must needs dye, and are as water spilt upon the ground, which cannot be gathered up againe, neither doth God respect any person, 2 Sam. 14.

Deaths second speech to Nature.

O As water thus is powred on the ground,
Sinkes deeply in, and can no more be found
(For water spilt, who can againe recover,
Such is thy life, thou shalt not have another.

Natures reply.

Death to thy lye, Nature makes this reply,
That being changed, I shall live after I dye.
Nature shall rise from Mortality,
And live in heaven Eternally.

We are ſtrangers before thee, and ſojourners, as were our Fathers: our dayes on earth are as a ſhadow, and there is no abiding. 1 Cron. 29. 15.

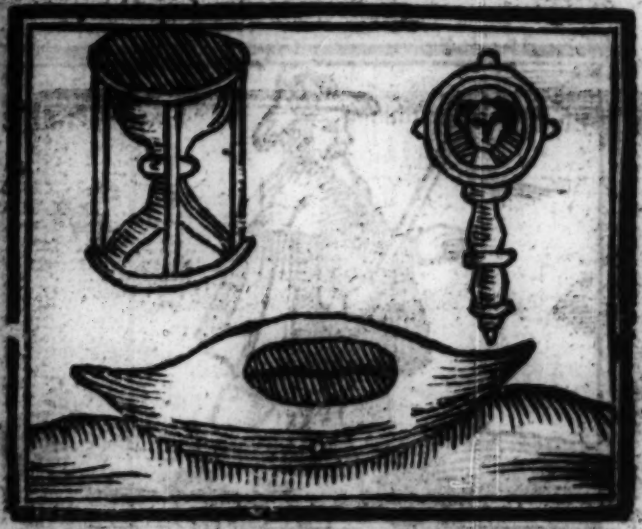
Deaths fourth ſpeech to Nature.

O Mortall man expect to meet with dangers
And with hard uſage, for ye are all ſtrangers,
And ſojourners, ſuch as your fathers were;
While ye like walking ſhadowes doe appeare;
Walking while that the ſun of life doth ſtay,
Which ſetting, ye like ſhadowes fleet a way.

Natures reply.

If man a ſhadow be, Chriſt is his ſun,
Whom he doth follow to his Kingdome.

My dayes are ſwifter then a Weavers Shittle, Job 7. 6.



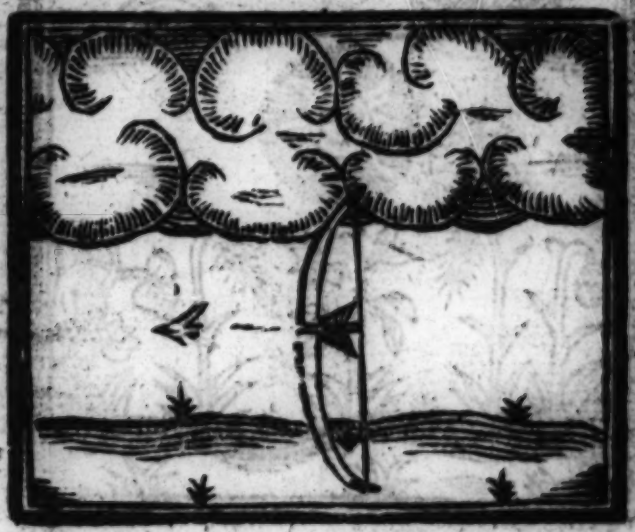
Deaths fourth ſpeech to Nature.

TO ſhew mens dayes are fading and moſt fickle,
Thy dayes are ſwifter then a weavers ſhittle.
Then be not with hope of long life deceiv'd,
But know thy web of life is quickly weav'd,
For if thy houres like weavers ſhittle run,
Thy life like to a web, will ſoone be done.

Natures reply.

I care not: for when this life's web is done,
I'le robbs of Immortality put on.

As the Cloud is consumed, and vanisheth away: so he that goeth downe to the Grave, shall come up no more, Job 7. 9.



Death fifth speech to Nature.

BEhold as Clouds doe in a gloomy day,
Disperse consume, and vanish cleane away,
Such is mans life; yet Clouds againe doe rise,
But Man gone to the grave, unseen there lies.

Natures reply.

Man like sowne seed lies in the ground unseene,
But both at last doe rise againe and spring.

And the voyce ſaid, Cry. And he ſaid, What ſhall I cry? All fleſh is graſſe, and all the goodlineſſe thereof is as the flower of the field. The graſſe withereth, the flower fadeth, becauſe the Spirit of the Lord bloweth upon it: ſurely the people is graſſe. *Eſay* 40. 67.

Deaths ſixt ſpeech to Nature.

WHat is mans life, when every thing may be,
An embleme to him of Mortality?
He is but like the graſſe or the field flower,
That flouriſheth and fadeth in an houre.

Natures reply.

The wicked man indeed is like to graſſe,
His life doth wither away and ſoone paſſe.
But thoſe that vertuouſly ſpend here their howers,
Their names ſmell ſweet on earth, like wither'd flowers.

My

My dayes are swifter then a Post, they fly away and I see no good. *Iob* 9. 25.

Death seventh speech to Nature.

MAns life is but breaths bubble at the most
And all his dayes are swifter than a Post
They fly away before they are understood,
And man in all his life doth see no good.

Natures reply.

He that doth in few yeares to heaven climbe,
Ends a long journey in a little time.

Behold thou hast made my dayes as an hand breadth, and mine age is nothing unto thee, Psal. 39. 5.

Deaths eight speech to Nature.

BEhold thy dayes are like unto a span,
Which stretched out, do yield the greater pain
The hand doth ake extended at full length,
So age stretcht out yields pain and want of strength.

Natures reply.

If I be ould in grace, as well as yeares,
Then ages winter youthfull spring appeares.

For

For here we have no continuing City, but we seek one to come, Heb. 13. 14.

Deaths ninth speech to Nature.

THough here with lands, wives, houses ye doe sit ye,
Yet ye below have no continuing City:
But in your earthly pilgrimage go on,
In seeking out a City that's to come.

Natures reply.

Our new Jerusalem in heaven stands,
Which is a City that's not built with hands.

What is our Life? it is even as a vapour, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away.
James 4. 14.

Deaths tenth speech to Nature.

WHat is mans life? it is a burning Taper,
Or it is like unto a rising vapour:
Both for a little time appeare and stay,
But afterward they vanish both away.

Natures reply.

That life which seemes a vapour, proves Divine,
And like a bright starre shall in Heaven shine.

We

We are paſſed away as a ſwift ſhip under ſaile, that haſteth to the prey. *Job* 9. 2.

Deaths eleventh ſpeech to Nature.

AS a ſwift ſhip doth on the Ocean glide
And cut the foaming Ocean uneſpy'de,
Such is mans life that quickly flyes away,
Like to an Eagle haſting to his pray.

Natures reply.

Mans life is like a ſhip bound for heaven lyes,
Or like an Eagle unto heaven flyes.

For he remembred they were but flesh, and wind that passeth away, and commeth not againe, Psal. 78. 39.

Deaths first speech to Nature.

LAstly, remember man is flesh and winde,
Flesh to the earth for worms meate is resign'd
The wind doth passe away, mans life's the same,
That passes like winde, and comes not againe.

Natures reply.

Although my flesh must die, I am not sory:
For after death I shall enjoy heavens glory.

Like to the Damaske Roſe you ſee,
Or like the bloſſome of the tree,
Or like the dainty flowers in May,
Or like the morning of the day,
Or like the Sun or like the ſhade,
Or like the Gourd that Jonas had:
Even ſuch is man whoſe thred is ſpun,
Drawn out and cut, and ſo is done.
The Roſe withers, the bloſſome blaſteth,
The flowers fade, the morning haſteth,
The Sun ſets, the ſhadow flyes,
The Gourd conſumes, and man he dyes.

Like to the graſſe that's newly ſprung,
Or like the tale that's new begunne,
Or like a bird that's here to day,
Or like the pearly Dew in may:
Or like a thought, or like a dreame,
Or like the gliding of a ſtreame:
Even ſuch is man who lives by breath,
Each moment ſubject unto death,
The graſſe withers, the Tale is ended,
The birds flowne, the dew's aſcended,
The thought's paſt, the dreame is gone,
The waters gilde, Mans life is done.

Like to a Bubble in a Brooke,
Or [illegible] like a Jooke.

AP 57.

Or like a Shuttle from a Weavers hand,
Or like a Writing in the ſand;
Or like an hure, or like a ſpan,
Or the ſinging of a Swan:
Even ſuch is man Whoſe life is gone,
While nimbleſt tongue is telling one.
The Bubble's out, the look's forgot,
The Shittle's flong, the writings out;
The houre's not long, the ſpan's but ſhort,
The Swan's heare death; man's in like ſort.